

BORN 'MID THE CLOVER.

BY STANLEY WATERLOO.

She was brought to the city as flowers are brought—
You will not find a fairer one all the world over.
But none of the city's hard features she's caught.
You can tell by her face she was born 'mid the clover.

Her voice is as pure as the bluebird's low note.
In the morn when the rigor of April's
And her laugh has the thrill which you hear from the throat
Of the bobolink, joying in May and the mating.

Her teeth are as white as the lily which flows
When the milkweed is wounded; her lips have
The redness
Of the prickly-ash berry of scarlet which glows
Full of life, though about it be autumn's gray
Deadness.

And her breath is as sweet as the lily which flows
That is borne with delight by the wooing
March zephyr.
And her eyes have the softness and pleading
In the big melting eyes of the innocent helper.

Her warm fluffy hair has a touch of the gold
In the silk of the corn when its near to the
reaping.
It meshes the gleam of the summer sun hold
For it would not depart in their permanent
keeping.

Her thin little ears show the hue of the pink.
The wild pink that grows by the creek's shal-
low waters.
And her cheeks are the blush of the rose by the
brook
Of the same little stream—nature humors her
daughters.

She is fair in the drawing room. Oh, she is fair!
But she's strayed from her home, has the
beautiful rover.
And she's brought a reflection of all that is
there;
You can tell by her face she was born 'mid
the clover.
—Chicago Tribune.

THE COSSACK'S BRIDE.

BY ARLE CUMBERLAND.



As we were all young men, none of whom had felt the effect of that mysterious power called love, we fell to ridiculing the idea that a man might become so completely subservient to its power as to lose all hope of earthly happiness by the loss of that one particular being on whom his affections had been placed.

"I'll tell you, boys," said Joe Maxwell, laughing, "if any little maiden should cast me aside, I should mourn her loss until I could reach the nearest neighbor and then I should transfer my affections to that neighbor's pretty daughter—if he should happen to have one."

We all laughed at Joe's speech, but our mirth had scarcely ceased, when a man of about thirty-five years of age, and who, but for the expression of extreme melancholy upon his face, would have been strikingly handsome, came from the rear of the car and addressed us.

"Young gentlemen," he began, "I could not but hear your remarks, and to relieve your minds of a grave error I should like to relate to you a story which is sadly connected with my own life."

"Ten years ago," he began, "I was a young man 'doing' the European countries for health and pleasure. Like you, I did not believe in the irresistible charms of women; I had gazed upon some of the fairest forms of female loveliness with a heart untouched by tender feelings, and at last, tired of fashion, and the hollow, glittering mockery of society, I extended my travels into Circassia, that land famed for female beauty and loveliness."

"For some weeks I wandered aimlessly about with no special object in view, and at length found myself in the quiet little village of Stai, footsore, weary, and weak."

"Feeling that absolute rest and quiet was necessary to my healthfulness, I sought and obtained lodging with an old man whose name I ascertained was Arnee. But my long journey and exposure had proven too much for me, and the next morning I lay parched with a burning and insatiable thirst, and tossing in delirium. Of the next two weeks I knew nothing save that my expiration I became conscious only to find myself bound hand and foot and lying in a bed which was by no means uncomfortable, even though I was forced to lie in an uncomfortable position. For some minutes I lay wondering at my strange condition and racking my brain for an explanation. In vain did I seek an answer to the many questions which flooded through my clouded memory. When at length I had given up in despair and having laid my aching head upon my pillow and was about to seek an answer in my dreams, a slight, rustling sound came from an adjoining room. I was about to turn my eyes in that direction when the door opened and a female form came noiselessly to my bedside. I caught but a momentary glance, but they sufficed to reveal a form of rare loveliness; then I closed my eyes in sleep."

"With scarcely a sound she drew near, and I felt, though I did not see, that she was bending over me. Then a hand, cool, soft and lovely, was laid upon my fevered brow. A fiery thrill shot through my veins and I felt my blood course faster and faster. Was there magic in that touch? My heart beat faster, faster, then a pair of lips met mine; it was an angel's kiss. Even while my eyes were closed I felt that I could not but love the being at my side."

"An involuntary motion caused her to start, for she still believed me sleeping, then opening my eyes I gazed about with an appearance of surprise which, but a few moments before, might have been seen without dissimulation. 'Oh! you are conscious at last,' she cried; and I could not but detect a thrill of joy in her delicately toned voice."

"I could not for a moment reply for I was verily enraptured with the vision before me. For an instant I was half inclined to believe that the change of death had taken place and that an angel stood before me."

"The cutting of my cords together with the explanation as to the cause of their presence, which was none other than that in my delirium I had been bound to prevent my injuring myself, soon dispelled all my doubts."

"In the days that followed she was my constant and ever-watchful attendant. From the first I realized that my heart was hopelessly entangled; but it was in vain that I tried to convince myself of the danger."

"More than once I reasoned with myself as to the ill to follow the forming of an attachment for the little Circassian beauty from which could result nothing but trouble and difficulties. She must be, I reasoned, ignorant, uncultured and in fact totally unfit to occupy the position which she would be called upon to fill as my wife. Besides, what would be the verdict of my friends when they learned of my new departure?"

"But though my reason was truly philosophical, I found that I was possessed of a passion which I could not master."

"Day after day went by, and though I still gained strength my mental struggle went on. It ended though as all such must, sooner or later. To live without her was worse than death and I found myself almost wishing that I had died ere I knew the force of that passion which now controlled me."

"I had regained a portion of my wasted strength and was sitting idly viewing the charming landscape which lay before me."

"As I was sitting thus a slight footstep sounded near and I knew that Orfa was in my presence. She had crossed the room and was tenderly fondling her pet bird, when unable longer to contain myself I cried, 'O darling what would I not give for the affection you lavish on your pet.'"

"She started, turned toward me, and I plainly saw the heightened color in her face. For the instant she stood confused and undecided, and I could half believe I saw her delicate form trembling. But the ice was broken at last and with no more hesitation I told her of my tender regard for her. When I had finished she turned her eyes to mine, the pity of that look I can never forget. 'Ralph,' she began sweetly, and her eyes glistened



"THE FIERCE FORM OF THE COSSACK CHIEF ADVANCED UPON ME."

with a suspicion of tears. 'I do truly love you, but what you ask can never be.'"

"If you really love me, Orfa, there is nothing that can separate us," I replied with firmness.

"Hush! you do not know. But what you ask can not be nor would you wish it if you knew all."

"Tell me what it is," I continued.

"This imaginary something which stands between us."

"For a moment she was silent and I knew she was revolving in her mind the advisability of granting my request."

"I will tell you," she then said, 'since you so earnestly desire it. The man whom I call my father is no more to me than a tried and trusted friend. My real father is a criminal.'"

"She then explained to me that by birth she was a Russian and not a Circassian as I had believed, and that her father having been implicated in a plot against the Government had been exiled to Siberia where he was doomed to drag out his life in those terrible mines. She, to escape the shame which, though innocent, she must share, had fled from her home and found rest in this secluded spot."

"I cared not for all this. Love conquers all things, and after a persistent pleading she consented to our betrothal. For a short time I was supremely happy, but an unkind fate decreed that it should be of short duration. A few days of perfect bliss and then came the change, and what a change it was."

"It was drawing near the close of a dark and gloomy day when the whole village was thrown into sudden alarm. I lost no time in inquiring the cause, and found that a troop of Cossacks were in close proximity."

"Their object was only too patent to all. The fame of the beauty of the daughters of our village had extended many miles. My alarm was not lessened by learning that Orfa had long been sought by the Cossack chief, Kuzem."

"Oh, God! what should I do if she should fall into his hands? was my mental exclamation. 'What can be done?' I inquired aloud and from every side came in reply the ope word, 'Fight!'

"All the women and children were hastily gathered together into one house, the one most easily defended, while arms of every description were secured for the use of the defenders."

"All was done that could be done and there was nothing left but to wait. As hour succeeded hour my hopes began to rise and I began to nurture the idea that the alarm was false."

"But they were only waiting the cover of the increasing darkness. The moon was entirely veiled from sight as if to hide from view the dreadful scene of carnage."

"For two hours we fought in doubt as to the result. Our numbers, which in the beginning, had been small as compared with the enemy had been rapidly decimated, and many a poor fellow had fallen with a prayer for wife or daughter upon his lips."

"There was nothing left but to fall back to the house which contained the precious friends for whose sakes we had risked our lives. Slowly and reluctantly we gradually gave way before them, fighting stubbornly at every step until the door was reached."

"The terrible cries that came from within would have melted a heart of stone. Knowing that all was over the door was thrown open to receive us. As I staggered through the doorway the fierce form of the Cossack chief advanced upon me, his sword drawn to strike. With almost superhuman effort I sought to escape the blow, but too late. As I fell terribly wounded a pair of arms encircled me, I heard the voice of Orfa cry 'My God, he is killed,' then all was blank and I was conscious of nothing more."

"Years have passed since that time, but still that cry is sounding in my ears. For weeks, months, and even years I sought and hoped to find my lost one, but my hope will never be realized and we shall never meet again. I am compelled to a realization of the fact that she is dead to me save in memory until our souls are united in the spirit world."

Bathing Habits of Birds.

We never saw Hawks or falcons bathing when wild. Trained birds in good health bathe almost daily, and the bath of a peregrine falcon is a very careful performance. But no nymph could be more jealous of a witness than these shy birds, and it is not until after many careful glances in every direction that the falcon descends from her block and wades into the shallow bath. Then, after more suspicious glances, she thrusts her broad head under the water and flings it onto her back, at the same time raising the feathers and letting the drops thoroughly soak them."

After bathing head and back she spreads her wings and tail fan-like on the water and rapidly opens and shuts them, after which she stoops down and splashes the water in every direction. The bath over she flies once more to the block, and turning her back to the sun spreads every feather of the wing and tail, raises those on the body, and assists the process of drying by a tremulous motion imparted to every quill, looking more like an old cormorant on a buoy than a peregrine."

If a man had nothing better to learn from the animals than the great lesson that cleanliness means health, the study of their habits would be well repaid, and it is not the least reproach to be brought against our own Zoological Gardens, that these fine hawks and falcons, while deprived of liberty, are denied the only means of that cleanliness which would make captivity endurable. The peregrine falcons at the Zoo are kept in a cage sanded like a canary bird's, with no bath at all, and no room to spread their wings. Sparrows, chaffinches, robins, and, in the very early morning, rooks and wood pigeons bathe often. One robin we knew always took his bath in the falcon's bath after the hawk had finished. The unfortunate London sparrow has few shallow places in which he can bathe, and a pie dish on the heads delights him. If the dish be white, his grimy little body soon leaves evidence that his ablutions have been genuine.—London Spectator.

He Met With Drawbacks.

At 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon a man began digging a hole on Woodward avenue to make a gas connection. At 2 o'clock he had dug out three cedar blocks from the pavement, and had picked out a hole beneath large enough to bury a small cat in. A citizen who had no business whatever to ask questions, but nevertheless felt a curiosity about it stopped at the latter hour and said:

"Why, you began to dig here at 10 o'clock this morning."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you haven't made much progress."

"No, sir."

"Ground frozen pretty hard?"

"Well, sir, there's a number of reasons. I had just got to work when I wanted a smoke, and I had to go a block to get some 'baccy and a match."

"I see."

"Then a chap comes along as wants to know how deep it was down to the pipes, and I had to stop and explain all about it."

"Just so."

"Then I wanted to know what time it was, and I had to walk two blocks to see the City Hall clock."

"Very good."

"Then a chap comes along as wants to know if the main pipe runs on this side of the street or the 'other, and I had to stop and explain. One must be civil, you know."

"Certainly."

"Then my wife went out on me."

"And you had to walk a block and return? I see."

"Then my wife came down for money, and I hadn't any, and a street-car got off the track, and there was a dog fight, and— But why do you want to know?"

"Oh, I have no special reason."

"Then you go on! Like as not you want to get a poor, hard working man out of his job and take it yourself. Go away, sir—I'll answer no more of your questions!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Space-Saving Door.

A novel door, especially intended for the economy of space, has just been patented. The door is an adaptation of the principle of the roller-top desk and cover, and consists of a series of slats about one and one-half inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, joined together by wooden spindles, one revolving within another. In the roller-top desk the slats are joined by ribbons of steel or canvas. When the door is opened it is wound upon a spiral drum at the top and bottom, and all is inclosed within the door-casing. A three-foot door winds up in a roll seven inches in diameter.

Is She Charming?

Katy Darcy is the daughter of a good-natured, well-meaning man and a gentle, modest woman; but Katy has suffered from the disadvantage of hearing from friends and companions that she is a charming girl, and that a charming girl is born to rule.

When she starts out in the morning, therefore, she arrays herself in brighter colors and more gaudy ornaments than are suitable to the street. She casts furtive glances at young men whom she meets, but with whom she has no acquaintance, or tries with her eyes to express her admiration of the taste of well-dressed ladies who pass by. The girl is innocent of willful wrongdoing. She is not even flirting, intentionally; but she is trying her power. If she is charming, must she not charm?

But if you will watch her through the day you will observe that she "draws the line." There are people, evidently, whom she makes no effort to charm. Perhaps she thinks they should be grateful to her for accepting their favors.

She enters a street-car with one or two companions. They hold by the straps, swinging to and fro, giggling, and obtrusive in manner and conversation. An old man rises with a bow to Katy, and offers her his seat. She flumps down into his place without a word of thanks.

Or, she is going on the railway to a suburban town. She arrives late at the station, crowds through the line of quiet, waiting passengers, marching straight on, her head erect, casting supercilious glances at the "common people" around her. All plain-dressed men and women whom she does not know are pariahs to this young American aristocrat.

Once through the gate, she hurries into a car, fills one seat before her with her bag and shawl and dog, while she reads a novel or nibbles candy in the seat that is opposite. If any other passenger attempts to take one of the seats for which she has not paid, she glares at him as if he were doing an impertinent act. She speaks to tradespeople, servants or officials imperatively and with rudeness, to show what she thinks is her superiority to all working people. She is happy in the belief that she bears herself like a charming young woman, while in fact she has only been noticed as an extremely vulgar, underbred girl.

Such girls may be seen in the city shops, or in the street or steam-cars. Foreigners sometimes call her the typical American girl.

Can nothing be done to reform her? There is good material in her. As Matthew Arnold said of American buck-wheat cakes, "They are really not half so unpleasant as they look."—Youth's Companion.

If He Were Only a Kicker.

"I'm rather particular about my colery," he said to the waiter who took his order at a Dearborn street restaurant. "Bring me only the small stalks, and see that the are perfectly bleached."

"Yes, sir."

"And see that there are no specks in the potatoes. I won't touch a potato that has a speck in it. I am rather particular about my potatoes."

"Yes, sir."

"When you bring me the broiled fish see that it has had the skin and fat all removed. Don't bring me any except the upper part of the body. Cut away all the tail."

"All right, sir."

"Hold on a moment. I'm rather particular about my bread. I don't want any of the end pieces, and I don't want any of this cigar-shaped bread with a thick crust, either. Bring me square bread, in thin slices, cut from the middle of the loaf."

The waiter went back and returned in due time with a tray full of eatables, which he unloaded on the table.

"Take back this potato," said the guest, "and bring me one that has no specks. I've got no time to dig the specks out of potatoes. I told you about that."

The potato was changed, and the waiter asked him if everything was right now.

"No," he answered. "This bread is not cut from the middle of the loaf. Take it away and bring me what I ordered."

The bread was accordingly changed. "All right now?" inquired the waiter.

"No! You've got some colery here that isn't properly bleached. Bring me the kind I ordered. And hold on! There is a piece of skin on this fish. Take it back. I told you I was particular about my fish."

The colery and fish were removed and brought back again in a few minutes with the objectionable features eliminated.

"Is it all right now?" asked the waiter.

"I guess it will do," growled the guest, as he began to eat, "but if I was a kicker I'd kick about this fork and spoon. They don't exactly match."

Securities Marketed in 1890.

The amount of securities listed on the New York Stock exchange in 1890 was larger than in any previous year. In round figures, the total amount of bonds issued was \$684,800,000, and of stocks, \$438,000,000.

The amount of bonds was nearly twice as great as in any previous year since 1884, excepting 1888, when the total was \$511,000,000. The new issues, however, amounted only to \$198,000,000, against \$206,800,000 in 1889, and \$262,000,000 in 1888. The actual demand upon the money market on this account, therefore, was not greater in 1890 than in either of the two years immediately preceding.

The amount of stocks listed last year was \$178,000,000 greater than in 1889, \$189,700,000 greater than in 1888, \$161,000,000 greater than in 1887, \$108,500,000 greater than 1886, and \$381,000,000 greater than in 1885. The amount of new issues was more than twice as great as in any of the preceding five years, with the exception of 1887. It was \$164,500,000 against \$98,700,000 in 1887, and only \$69,700,000 in 1889.—Chicago Herald.

CHOLLY—I'm awfully tired of life, don't you know? Chappie—Yas; such an exertion to breathe.

I have been afflicted with an affection of the throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to Brown's Bronchial Trochies.—Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piloton, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

"How is your friend doing out in Helena?" "Oh, he's carrying everything before him!" "Good! what business is he in?" "He's a waiter in a restaurant."

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobbin's Electric Soap, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

Departed.—Misses: Is the fire going, Bridget? Bridget (an amateur): Faith, mum, an' it's just gone.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

Man takes with his right hand and gives with his left until he considers it more profitable to take with both.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." This natural and happy condition of the mind and body is brought about by the timely use of Prickly Ash Bitters. While not a beverage in any sense, it possesses the wonderful faculty of renewing the debilitated system all the elements required to rebuild and make strong. If you are troubled with a headache, diseased liver, kidneys or bowels, give it a trial, it will not fail you.

Defined.—"What is the Four Hundred, anyhow?" "It's a species of anti-poverty society."

Garfield Tea: harmless herbs, acts on liver, kidneys and bowels, creates an appetite, cures dyspepsia and constipation.

The Fifty-first Congress had a quorum when it died, yet died without decorum.

The office that seeks the man is likely to find him in a good many saloons on election time.

Student: How did your college open this year? Student: With a rush.

Chiffer: What's that I hear about young Cheesecake? Chiffer: His clothes, probably.

There is a good deal of speculation about astronomical studies, but the astronomer seldom gets rich out of it.

No, Amariyllis, unfortunately the Inspector of Customs will be of no use to you in looking into your husband's shady habits.

Any party save the Farmers' Alliance seems to go against the grain out West.

"I'll see you later," as the boxer said when his opponent closed both his peepers.

The Treasury will bear the marks of the legislative jimmy for some time to come.

Buffalo Bill will visit Germany this spring. He will soon be able to shoot glass balls in the German language.

When the average woman hasn't anything else to do, she always feels as if she would like to go out and buy something.

"Yes, but how do you know that Blufkins is a married man?" "Oh, I am sure of it. Just see how happy he is when away from home."

"I can't change my mind," said Chappie. "I might have known that," retorted his exasperated partner. "There is no lower denomination in minds than yours."

She: If I were not a girl, I should like to be a lieutenant of Hussars. "He is quite unnecessary for you to be as much as that, my dear young lady, for you are irresistible as you are."

Press the button on a card and the keno does the rest.

For signs the restaurant should hang out his board and the bart: his shingle.

"There's no use thyrin to edjicate the Chinee," said Patrolman Flynn. "They don't even know their own language. O! asked wan of 'em phwat the wurrd fur St. Patrick's Day was in Chinese, and he beivins he cudn't tell me."

It is absurd to say that a single swallow doesn't make a spring. Fire a stone at one and see if it doesn't.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER, for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

DRINK LION COFFEE

A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO.

Picture Card Given With every pound package. For Sale everywhere. Value Six Cents.

CHOLLY—I'm awfully tired of life, don't you know? Chappie—Yas; such an exertion to breathe.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down all as worthless because one is unworthy.

As if there were no motes in sunbeams!

Or comets among stars!

Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nerve.

And here's the proof—

Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association so, and you get your money back again.

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